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MY MOTHER

Inv 8576
KH4

For / dear Miss Aimee,

a little Birth-day
Memorial: - with
Love, Love & all kind
wishes / a Friend

Boston June 16th / 50

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WE ARE REMARKABLY HAPPY AND LOVING.—Page 11.

MY MOTHER.

BY COMUS,

Author of "Three Little Kittens," "Mister Fox," &c.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

LONDON:
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

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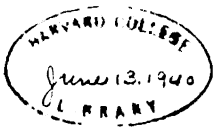

Jww. Horatio S. Howard

My Mother.

Affetuoso.
Who fed me from her gen - tle breast, And
p
mf
p
hush'd me in her arms to rest, And on my cheek sweet kiss - es
prest? My mo - ther! Who ran to help me when I fell, And
f
p

MY MOTHER.

Who loved to see me pleased and gay,
And taught me sweetly how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My mother!

Who punish'd me when I was bad,
And look'd so sorrowful and sad,
That I was nearly driven mad?
My mother!

Who started up with wild surprise
Whene'er she heard a sudden noise,
And thought of danger and of boys?
My mother!

Who trembled much with anxious fear
When danger really drew near,
And did in shape of dog appear?
My mother!

Who gave a frightful caterwaul,
On seeing that the dog was small,
And did not seem afraid at all?
My mother!

When fight was over who was mild,
Who sweetly in her slumber smiled,
While all the mice were jumping wild?
My mother!

My Mother.

(DUET FOR CHILDREN.)

1st Voice.
2d Voice.
Who fed me from her gen - tle breast, And
hush'd me in her arms to rest, And on my cheek sweet kiss - es prest? My
mo - ther! Who ran to help me when I fell, And would some pret - ty sto - ry
tell, Or lick the place to make it well? My mo - ther!

II 68B

My Mother.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or lick the place to make it well?
My mother!

Who loved to see me pleased and gay,
And taught me sweetly how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My mother!

Who punish'd me when I was bad,
And look'd so sorrowful and sad,
That I was nearly driven mad?
My mother!

Who started up with wild surprise
Whene'er she heard a sudden noise,
And thought of danger and of boys?
My mother!

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Who gave a frightful caterwaul,
On seeing that the dog was small,
And did not seem afraid at all?
My mother!

When fight was over who was mild,
Who sweetly in her slumber smiled,
While all the mice were jumping wild?
My mother!

MY MOTHER.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother!

AH! truly, my mother was a darling! She was a cat,—a large, mild, sleek, amiable cat, with only one fault, that I know of, and that was an over fondness for cream. Oh! how my mother loved me; and no one can conceive the strength of my love for her.

I am a kitten,—a round, fat, hairy little kitten, and as black as a coal. Indeed I am so like a piece of coal, when coiled up and asleep, that I have more than once been taken up in the tongs and nearly put on the fire by mistake! I had a little sister, who was light gray, like my mother, and we loved each other very dearly. From the day we first saw the light we loved each other ardently. I cannot say that I remember caring much for my sister before that great day when my eyes were opened. Before that I was blind; and I only remember

feeling a soft hairy ball rubbing against me when I tried to nestle in my mother's bosom. I also remember that my sister sometimes tried to thrust me out of the way, and made me very angry, so that I uttered a little fuff and pushed her rudely aside; which was very naughty, no doubt, but then I did not know at the time that this hairy ball was my sister.

One day I was sitting on my hind legs, thinking of nothing in particular, when I felt the lid of my right eye give a crack, and, to my intense surprise, I found that I could see. The first object that I saw was my little sister, who sat before me with both her black eyes wide open. Nobody told me that this was my sister, or that the large gray cat beside us was my mother, but I knew it, somehow, without requiring to be told. Immediately, I winked at my sister with my one eye, without intending to do so. This wink made my left eyelid crack, and I could see with both eyes. Words cannot describe my joyful feelings at this event. My sister looked into my face with calm delight. As I sat gazing at her with wonder, she put forward her soft three-cornered mouth and kissed the point of my black nose. From that moment I loved her as tenderly, almost, as my mother. I threw my arms round her neck and

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—Page 13.

hugged her. For the first time I now felt inclined to play. Instead of embracing my sister, as I had intended to do, I pretended to fight with her. I fixed my teeth gently in her neck. I kicked her with my hind legs; then I broke away and attempted to put up my back and make my hair stand on end,—but in doing so I tumbled over, being still weak in the legs, and not used to jumping.

"Stupid thing!" said my mother; "you are too wild; you must creep before you can walk."

I was surprised at this, and went down on my fore-knees to try to creep; but I lost my balance and tumbled over on my side, and fell asleep immediately. Ah! they were happy days, those days of my early kittenhood!

My sister had a black dot on the end of her nose, so we called her Dottle. My mother called me Dingey, because of my black coat. It would have made the heart of any one melt with tenderness to behold the way in which our mother kissed us, and pressed us to her heart, and purred with delight when we scratched her face. We lived in the house of one of those long two-legged creatures called Man. Our man was a very kind one, poor thing, but silly,—at least I thought so, the more I saw of him and his companions.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or lick the place to make it well?
My mother!

I cannot think, without much sorrow, of my wicked conduct towards that dear mother who was so fond of, and so kind to, me and my sweet little gray sister. I must confess that I was often very naughty, and the thought of this almost breaks my heart now. Oh! that kittens would take warning from me and never be bad to their mothers. I used often to scratch her nose till it bled; and I bit her tail while she was asleep, causing her to start up with a dreadful fuff and mew: but when she saw that it was me, she merely gave me a gentle pat on the cheek and went off to sleep again with a smile beaming on her mild fat countenance.

One day my sister Dottle and I were sitting on the oaken floor of our master's study, playing with each other's tails. Dottle had just made a successful grasp at mine and caught it by the point, when my eye suddenly fell on a beautiful rose in a vase of flowers that stood on the table.

"Dottle, darling," said I, pulling my tail out of her mouth, "did you ever smell a rose?"

"No," replied Dottle, "never."

"Then let us get on the table and smell that lovely one in the vase."

"But how shall we get up, Dingey? you cannot jump so high, and I'm certain that I cannot."

"Fuff! you frightened thing," said I, "don't talk stuff. Just help me to push that foot-stool near the table and I'll show you how to jump. It only needs a good will and a good spring, that's all."

"Well, but," urged Dottle, with an anxious expression on her small round face, "I fear mamma will be displeased; she told me not to go near that table."

"But she didn't tell me, so here goes!" said I, bounding on to the stool, and, exerting all my strength, I leaped on to the table. My jump was better than I had expected. Not only did I spring well on to it, but I slid quite across it, and fell over on the other side. Oh! the thrill of terror that rushed through my heart! I fixed my claws in the table-cloth, but instead of saving myself I dragged it off and fell with a dreadful splash into our dish of milk, while the vase and a book, a pair of scissors and a thimble, fell on the top of me.

"Oh, dear! mee-a-ow! fuff!" shrieked my sister, clasping her paws, with a look of horror.

"Eh! mee-a-ow! hollo! what's this?" cried my dear mother, rushing into the room in terror.

"He's tumbled into the milk, mamma;—quick! pull him out, for I'm certain he can't swim," cried my sister, while her whiskers curled with anguish.

In a moment I was dragged out and embraced in my mother's arms. But such an object as I was! I was no longer fat-looking and soft; the milk glued the hair to my little body, and made me bluish in colour all over.

"Oh, what a fright!" exclaimed Dottle, looking at me in surprise.

I was crying when my sister said this, but I stopped and said, "Dottle, do you mean that you got a fright, or that I got a fright, or that I'm a fright to look at?"

"I mean that you're a fright to look at," said Dottle.

On hearing this I began to howl again, and would not be quieted till my mother said she would tell me a story; then I gave a hiccough and two deep sighs, and ceased roaring; and my mother kissed and dried me, and told me stories of a most wonderful and surprising nature,—stories that are far too long and astounding to be written here.

WE DANCE FOR JOY.—Page 15.

Who loved to see me pleased and gay,
And taught me sweetly how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My mother!

Not long after the accident I have just described, my dear mother came into the room where Dottle and I were sleeping and said :—

"Come, darlings, let us play and be happy together. There's nothing like being happy. Isn't there not, Dingey?"

"Of course not," said I, starting up and giving myself a good stretch.

"Hurrah!" cried Dottle, putting up her back and dancing on three legs towards my mother, who was already performing the cat's hornpipe on the floor. Immediately my blood boiled over with a frenzy of delight. I hurled myself into the air with a wild caterwaul, alighted on my hind legs, and throwing out my fore paws rushed at my mother's tail. But Dottle was beforehand with me. She caught the tail, and twisting it round her neck pulled my mother down on her back.

I am quite sure that human creatures do not understand the extreme pleasure, the wild joy, that fills a kitten's heart when it sees its mother's four legs, and its

little sister's four legs, and their two tails twirling together in a heap of confusion. I trembled with eagerness to join in the wild embrace, but their movements were so quick that I could not see how to attack them; so I shut my two eyes tight, set up all the hairs on my body and tail, stuck out every one of my eighteen claws, and, uttering a frightful shriek and a fuff, plunged into the midst of them. Words cannot describe my feelings. I was quite mad. I rugged, and tugged, and yelled, while they did the same to me and to each other; then we flew asunder, put up our backs and tails, and glared at each other fiercely.

Oh! how exquisite it is to feel one's hair stand on end! Human creatures never feel this pleasure. They have no hair to stand on end, poor things, except a few tufts about their heads; and, although I have often seen my master's children very merry, and also in great passions, I never saw their hair stand on end. I pity them much. They can never know what it is to feel the skin curling on their backs, while electric joy bristles through every hair, nor the funny thoughts that crowd a kitten's brain when it is thus agitated. Corks at the end of bits of string, the points of our own tails, rats and mice, worsted balls, bell-pulls, cotton reels, and a host of such

things, come into our minds when we are at play, naturally causing us to dance, and hop, and rush about, and stand suddenly still, in that wild fashion which causes the stupid human creatures to laugh so much at us. I wonder why they laugh? I'm sure there's nothing to laugh at! Dottle and I had a long talk about this one day.

"I wish that we could laugh, sister dear," said I, rather sadly, making a gentle grasp at my shadow.

"So do I, very much; but I'm quite certain it is not half so nice as having one's hair stand on end, or uttering a good loud fuff."

"Perhaps not," I replied; "at anyrate laughing can never compare with purring—"

"Oh! it's so nice!" interrupted Dottle, with a smile, —for we could smile although we could not laugh. "When I purr I feel as if I loved everybody in the world with all my heart,—even that ugly little rough terrier that has frightened us so often of late."

"Very true," I replied, "but keep your tail still, sister. I can't resist the temptation to rush at it if you keep moving it so."

Who punished me when I was bad,
And looked so sorrowful and sad,
That I was nearly driven mad?
My mother!

It was distress for my wickedness, and the sorrow that I caused my sweet mother, that nearly drove me mad. If it had not been for her tender and forgiving spirit, I think I must have gone mad, and been confined in a lunatic asylum long ago. Oh! I was remarkably naughty, and sister Dottle was wonderfully good. I have often thought that my naughtiness was the cause of my being born black; but my mother called me "foolish thing" when I suggested this.

One day I was sitting before my sister licking her face. She had just licked mine all over, and we were saying to each other how refreshing it was, when a mouse ran across the floor. Before you could wink Dottle and I were after it; but it ran under the table and disappeared in a moment, while I tumbled over our milk-plate and broke it in pieces. The noise brought in my mother, who gave me a slight whipping, and then sat down before the broken plate and looked at it with the saddest face I ever saw.

"That is the two and twentieth plate you have

DINGY IS BAD AND MY MOTHER IS SAD.—Page 18.

broken this week, Dingey," she said, with a deep sigh.

I made no reply, but sat down under the table, looking very sulky, while Dottle began to weep and wipe her eyes with the end of my mother's tail.

"Yes," continued my mother, sadly, "two and twenty. The next will be three and twenty. Only think!"

"Oh dear! mee-a-ow!" cried my sister.

"Mee-a-ow indeed!" said my mother; "you should rather say fuff! Ah, Dingey, what shall I do to you? naughty, bad mee-a-ow! child, fuff!"

"Oh me! oh! oh! dear!" roared Dottle, unable to control her grief.

I was still a little sulky, but my sister's tears and my mother's heart-broken expression melted me. I lifted up my head and howled with anguish and repentance.

"Are you sorry?" asked my mother.

"Mad," I replied; "quite mad with the deepest sorrow."

"Then I forgive you. Kiss me, beloved child—my darling kitten."

Just at that moment I observed the mouse, which had caused all our misfortune, peeping over the table at me. Instantly I sprang up, caught the table-cloth, and drag-

ged it down on myself and my mother and sister, both of whom had darted at the mouse the moment they saw it For a few moments we struggled violently to free ourselves from the folds of the cloth, but when we got loose the mouse was gone.

"It doesn't signify," said I; "we'll catch it next time; won't we, sister dear?"

"Of course we will, Dingey, if we can," replied Dottle.

"Now, dear kittens," said our mother, as we sat humbly before her, with our heads hanging down and our hair dreadfully ruffled, "you see how foolish it is to be in too great a hurry. Let this be a lesson to you. When you see a mouse again, do not dart at it until you have first crept slowly, softly, and very slily towards it, as near as you can get,—then up with your tail, out with your claws, and bolt! And be very careful not to break any more plates. Do you hear, Dingey?"

"Yes, mamma, I'm frightfully penitent."

"Don't look at my tail, Dottle," continued my sweet mother; I'm talking very seriously to you just now, and if you look long at my tail you know very well that you can't help flying at it."

Dottle sighed and turned her head away.

Who started up with wild surprise
Whene'er she heard a sudden noise,
And thought of danger and of boys?
My mother!

I remember that we used to sleep a great deal when I was young. Every day, after breakfast, we had a nap of half an hour. Then we played till dinner time. This was generally our happiest time. We felt just like balls of India-rubber after breakfast, and ready for any fun that turned up. Our master called it mischief, we called it fun! Then after dinner we had a good long sleep of two hours, when we awoke and began immediately to play again. Sometimes my sister and I told stories to each other, sometimes our dear mother told us of the adventures she had had in her young days. Many of these were terrible tales, I can tell you, and used to make us tremble and cause our hair to stand on end. When we willingly made our hair stand up it was very nice, as I have said; but when it stood up of its own accord, through fear or horror, it was very disagreeable indeed. As I was saying, we amused ourselves thus till tea time, and then had another long sleep till breakfast next morning.

Of course we were often startled out of our sleep by

sudden noises. When this happened, our dear mother opened her ears and listened very earnestly. She opened her eyes, too, so wide that I sometimes thought she was listening with them! I have sometimes seen men open their mouths, as well as their eyes and ears, when they were much surprised. I wonder if they listened with them all! Well, one day we were lying on the floor, all three of us purring quietly, just as cats and kittens do when about to fall into a sweet slumber. Suddenly we heard a loud noise, that made us start up with wild astonishment.

"What was that?" said my mother.

"The cook," said I, trembling, for I recollected that I had stolen a piece of fish that day.

"Boys, I fear," said Dottle.

We listened in much surprise for some time, but heard nothing, and I had almost fallen asleep again when the noise was repeated much louder than before. We now began to be very much alarmed, because the door of the room happened to be open, and we were not strong enough to shut it against any enemy that might be coming. Dottle and I crept close to our dear mother's side, and tried to feel that we were safe; and, truly, when we looked at her glaring eyes, and heard the low,

WE GET A SURPRISE.—Page 22.

deep growl that seemed to issue from her chest, and observed the terrific claws that began to appear,—when we saw all this, and knew how much she loved us, and how brave she was, we felt greatly comforted.

"We must have been dreaming," remarked my mother; "I don't hear the sound now."

"I suppose we were," said Dottle, breathing more freely.

I shook my head. "Do you think it is possible, mother, that we three could all dream the same noise, and start up at the same time?"

"Child, kitten," answered my mother, with a severe look, "you are too wise."

"I did not know that a kitten could be too wise," said I.

"Well, then, you pretend to be too wise. Hold your tongue, dear, fuff!"

I was about to answer, when I almost jumped out of my body with fright, as the terrible sound was repeated.

Who trembled much with anxious fear,
When danger really drew near,
And did in shape of dog appear?
My mother!

My poor mother trembled exceedingly, so much so that I was quite surprised; but she afterwards explained to me that it was too much courage that made her tremble, and that all her fear was for us, not for herself.

On came the sound, louder and louder, and nearer and nearer, until we knew that it was the barking of a dog. The sound of its voice was very awful, and it was made much louder by the echo in the passages of the house through which the dog was running. Sometimes it came near to the room in which we were, and then it turned off and went howling along another passage, and its voice became faint in the distance, so that we were in great hopes it had departed altogether. But alas! we were mistaken. The dog soon drew near again, and ran barking furiously along the passage leading to our room. Oh! it was a time of dreadful suspense. My heart and bones seemed to melt with intense fear, and I felt as if I were nothing but a bag of warm water. Dear Dottle, too, seemed very much

agitated. She trembled violently, and mewed several times in anguish of spirit.

"Cheer up, my sister," said I, tenderly, forgetting for a moment my own danger when I saw her terror; "we have nothing to fear, darling. Our valiant mother is before us, and—and—the room wall is behind us; think of that, sister, and be comforted!"

I must confess that I did not see clearly what good the room wall being behind us could do, but I felt that it was better to say something than nothing. I knew that the very tone of my courageous voice would tend to soothe my alarmed sister. And so it was.

"Thank you, dear Dingey," she said, creeping closer towards our mother; "you are very kind. I feel much relieved—mee-a-ow! fuff!"

Dottle started and trembled violently at this moment, for the hideous barking was renewed louder than ever. I wonder why these vile dogs have got such terrible, rude voices! I never hear one barking, even in play, but my heart flies into my throat and almost chokes me. My dear mother had now become fearful to behold. Her eyes were dilated to such an extent that they seemed like burning coals in her head; every hair stood on end; her claws tore convulsively at the wooden

floor; and her voice rumbled, as if in her stomach, like distant thunder. At this moment sister Dottle sneezed unexpectedly. We were so excited that we all leapt nearly our own height from the floor, and gave vent to a terrific caterwaul.

"Silence, stupid thing,—"

"Bow! wow! wow! wow!" came rolling along the passage, and, in another moment, we heard feet scampering rapidly towards the door.

"Mee-a-ow! fuff! splutter! fuff!" cried my mother, and sprang behind a large chest that stood in a corner of the room, where she put up her back and tail, and gazed with a look of mingled fear and anger at the door. Dottle bounded on to the top of the chest with intense vigour, and turned round to face the enemy. I was about to fly to the same place of refuge, when a boisterous bark close to my tail caused me to turn round with a shriek of terror; at the same moment Dottle upset our dish of milk over my back and drenched me to the skin. It is impossible to describe my feelings when I received this hideous shock, and, at the same time, beheld the hairy face of a fierce terrier within a foot of my nose!

OUR AWFUL ENEMY.—Page 26.

Who gave a frightful caterwaul
On seeing that the dog was small,
And did not seem afraid at all?
My mother!

It was quite surprising to observe the change that came over my dear mother's face when she saw that the dog was a very, very small one. She instantly assumed a look of bold, fierce defiance, for she recollected having seen that same little dog get a good thrashing from a cat which was not so large as herself.

The little dog rushed headlong into the middle of the room, and then stopped to glare at us.

"Mee-a-ow! villain, what do you want here? fuff! eh!" cried my mother, bristling intensely and advancing a step.

"Bow! wow! wow!" replied the dog.

"I will tear out your eyes," said my mother, "and scratch your face, and bite off your nose, and rend your limbs;—do you hear? fuff!"

"I'll murder you out-right," said Dottle, in a low whisper, thickening her tail and drawing back.

"Bow! wow! wow!—Bow! wow! wow! wow!!!" replied the little dog.

"Bow! wow!" repeated my mother, with a sneer;

"is that all you can say? Don't you think you might try Mow! ow! for a change?"

As my mother said this we all three gave a yell and a splutter, leaped a foot high into the air, and landed on the floor all at once with a loud fuff. The little dog looked as if he thought this rather surprising, but he said nothing. He felt very uneasy, however, I observed, for he glanced back at the door. This was the moment for action! Uttering a shriek of rage, mingled with horror at the thought of the terrific attack she was about to make, my mother darted at the foe and fixed her claws and teeth in the little dog's back. At the same instant I seized him by the tail, while Dottle stood on the chest glaring and fuffing continuously.

I have seen cats fight, and dogs fight, and rats fight, besides many other fierce animals,—I have even seen that wretched creature Man fight, and a very ridiculous, humbling sight it was,—but I must say I never before saw so terrible, so awful, and every way dreadful a fight as that which now took place between my darling, brave mother, and that wicked little terrier dog. First of all, as I have said, my mother fixed her claws and teeth in its back and gave it a terrible shake, which made it yell very frightfully. Then it sprang up, turned

round, and seized my mother by the neck. In turning round its head of course it turned round its tail too, rather quickly, and, as I was biting that at the time, I was rolled over with much violence against the chest, where I lay stunned and bleeding at the nose. My poor mother got a dreadful worry; her eyes started from their sockets, and I thought she was gone, when she suddenly seized the dog by the nose, and held on so tightly with her teeth and claws that nothing could shake her off. The dog tumbled, and shook, and rolled in agony, while a low, deep growl came through my mother's clenched teeth. Seeing this, and observing that the dog could not bite now, Dottle and I rushed at his hind feet and buried our teeth in his toes. The pain seemed to give him the strength of a horse. He gave my mother a shake that sent her rolling across the room, darted through the door-way, and went scampering and yelping along the passage.

After the dog was gone we all sat down and began to lick our hair and remove the blood from our faces. It was a good long time before we got our spirits quite calmed down, however, for I must say we had been dreadfully ruffled, and it was fully two hours before we could purr or look sweet.

When fight was over, who was mild,
Who sweetly in her slumber smiled,
While all the mice were jumping wild?
My mother!

My mother did not know that the mice were playing on the table, however, else she would have made them vanish like smoke. She was so fatigued after the terrible battle with the dog, that she fell fast asleep. Kittens always follow a good example, so in less than ten minutes after we lay down we were all sound as tops. No one could have believed that my dear mother's mild, gentle face, was that which had been glaring a short time ago like a raging tiger. I laid myself by her side, and Dottle leaned upon her back.

I don't know how long the mice played, but the noise they made at last awakened me, and, peeping slily out of the corner of my right eye, I saw them dancing on the table. At first I felt inclined to dart at them, but I thought a little, and then determined to awaken my mother and sister gently, so that we might all fly at them at the same moment. This was not easy to do quietly, but at last I succeeded, and we made a tremendous jump at the mice.

We caught them, we did, by their tails,—three of

OUR ENEMY IS CONQUERED.—Page 29.

them at least — one got 'away. Dottle caught one, I caught one, and my mother caught one. That was three altogether. I cannot explain the tumult of feelings that filled my heart to bursting. I held the mouse tight between my teeth, and glared from side to side, mewing awfully, for I feared that some one would try to take it away. I noticed that my sister and mother were doing exactly the same. This was the first time that Dottle and I had ever caught mice; and oh, they were sweet! After having eaten them, we went to sleep again, for we felt that we had behaved very well. Indeed, our man-master, who had seen us catch the mice, said we were very clever, good little kittens, and called my mother a capital cat.

And so she was. I am quite sure there never was such a cat in all the world,—so kind, so good, so brave, so gentle, so tender, so capital (as the man said), so amiable, and so remarkably fat.

"My child," said she to me one day, "I do hope that you will turn out a good cat."

"Mother, darling," said I, "I'll try."

"That's right," said she, sweetly; "there's nothing like trying. If ever you wish to catch a mouse you must try. If you wish to kill a rat you must try.

There is nothing to be done in the world without trying. Only try, and there is almost nothing that you will not be able to do."

"Mother," said Dottle, "do you think I could jump down my own throat if I were to try?"

"Hush, kitten, you are silly."

Dottle sighed and kissed her mother, who smiled and patted her cheek. Then she kissed me, and after that we all kissed each other. Ah! how my heart mourns over those happy bygone days.

I was taken rudely from my dear mother and sister at last. I was put in a basket and carried away, I know not whither, and I never saw them more.

Oh! it makes me very sad when I think of my little sister and my mother.

Alas! alas! fuff! mew!

REST IS SWEET.—Page 30.

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